

# THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 123 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

EDMUND DEACON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.  
HENRY PETERSON,

A YEAR AGO.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

How glad was I one year ago,  
Among the golden clover,  
And daisies like star dotted snow,  
To wander with my lover.

We used to follow down the stream,  
To gather pale young lilles,  
Rare bright blue-bells, flushed glistantine,  
And golden daffodilles.

The while he spoke me pleasant words,  
Right tenderly and loving,  
And said the vows he made me then,  
His whole life should be proving.

So I, like any other maid,  
To love-life first awaking,  
Happy and trusting, gave my heart,  
For him to keep from breaking.

Now, all the witnesses I had  
Of those sweet vows he'd spoken,  
Lilles and daisies, all are dead—  
He gave my heart back, broken.

I almost dread this year to see  
The fields of reddening clover,  
For well I know I cannot hope  
To live last summer over.

REGINA.

## Original Romance.

### THE CAVALIER. A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.,  
AUTHOR OF "ROCHELIEU," "DARNEY," "MARY  
OF BURGUNDY," "THE OLD DOMINION,"  
&c., &c., &c.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year  
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Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER XX.

In this strange life, where every sort of pleasure has its nest from pain, either preceding or concomitant—where love has its doubts and fears for the present, and fruition its apprehensions for the future, and success too often its regrets for the past—the sudden change from eager activity to tranquil calm, seems in itself so great a happiness that the spirit springs up with a bound, and one is almost tempted to throw away the peaceful blessing, and to compensate—if such compensation were possible—the pains, anxieties, and cares just gone, by tasting the exuberant cup of joy.

The past day had been to Lucy Langdale and her mother a time of danger and trouble and hourly trepidation; and now that they sat quietly in that old saloon, the contrast was strange and almost overpowering. Everything added to it also. When her first caprice or policy—be it which it would—had passed away, their hostess became really kind; and, when Bernard March returned, he seemed to have washed away from his mind all traces of thought and care when he had wiped out the stains of battle from his brow and hands. He was, perhaps, more gay and thoughtless than Lucy had ever seen him, and she herself felt that eagerness to grasp the fleeting moment of tranquillity which too soon and too often felt in every troublous life.

"Ring that little bell at the door, Bernard," said the old lady; "they are making us wait wondrous long for our supper."

"Oh," answered the Cavalier, "the serving doors have to sum up so many unexpected guests to-night, we must have patience."

But he rang the silver bell, notwithstanding; and in a few minutes after, it was announced that the meal was served in a neighboring chamber. Thither, with some ceremony, the lady of the mansion led the way. Lucy Langdale and Lucy followed; but Bernard March lingered for a few moments, somewhat perhaps to Lucy's surprise. He was in the room, however, before any one was seated, and was not less gay and cheerful than before. He seemed to give himself up to that tranquillity and repose of mind which had for many days been interrupted by continual exertion or active strife. Misfortunes, sorrows and anxieties, cares and apprehensions, seemed forgotten, and that softer and gentler character which Sir Edward Langdale had, at one time, mistaken for effeminacy, reappeared in the tranquil leisure of that evening. He sang at the old lady's request, he examined the fine pictures with which she had stored the dining-room since he was last there; and he descended, if not with the skill of an artist, at least with the knowledge of a connoisseur, upon the merits of the various styles and various pictures there displayed.

"Of all the painters of portraits that I know," said Lord Dartmoor, "that Sir Anthony Van-dyke has, to my mind, the greatest power. When I was in Italy, I saw several by the most renowned artists in the world—the admirable Leonardo—the glorious Titian; and even by him who has been called, not inaptly, the divine; but when I look at a picture such as that—and he pointed to one hung against the opposite wall—"I feel there is a grace in it—a life-like, almost living charm about it, that sets the man before you as he moved, and spoke,

and acted. There is not, perhaps, the richness of Titian's coloring; there is not the inspiration of Raphael's design; but there may not even be the imaginative power of Leonardo; but there is displayed that faculty which allies the great painter to the epic poet, and enables him to seize and make his own the very inner heart of the character he represents."

He paused for a moment or two, and then added, half gaily, half sadly, twisting his fingers in the long, wavy hair his promised bride,

"Dear Lucy, it is one of my hopeful dreams to think some day I shall have your portrait painted by such a hand as that."

"God grant it, Bernard," said Lucy Langdale, though Lucy only answered by a faint smile; "how often it would have been a comfort to me beyond words, to have had such a picture of my dear husband—when he has been leaving me for scenes of strife and danger—when I knew not how soon, if ever, I should see him again."

"What a power has a great painter!" continued Bernard.

"It is not alone for the present day he paints; but centuries hence men shall

gaze upon that face and figure, and trace therein the feelings and the thoughts that are now working perhaps the seal or woe of thousands of our fellow-men. Then comes in history, to show what was the meaning of the lines upon the countenance, what passions or what sufferings impressed them there; and the pen shall see the comment on the pencil."

While he spoke, his hand withdrew from Lucy's hair, pressed gently upon hers, and hers were clasped as tenderly on his, while the old lady sat looking on with a smile that had something of good-humored malice in it.

"What, billing and cooing, my little dove?" she said, at length. "You little think what a hawk you have for a mate."

"A falcon, but no hawk," answered Lucy, mildly; "would I had his picture, too, dear lady, there would be no bad lines there."

"He is a good looking youth enough," answered the old woman, "he was so from a boy, and sometimes he would look as gentle as an angel; but you should see him when his blood is up, and all the fierce fire of his race comes out! how it flashes in his eye, how it swells out his nostrils!"

"I have seen that noble fire this very day," answered Lucy, a little vexed; "but I know you are only jesting."

"This very day!" cried the other, "this very day! Have you had to fight for it, then, Bernard?"

"Yes, madam," answered Lucy Langdale, "and nobly did he fight for his King, his country and his bride. Attacked by three times his own number, he has left few to tell the tale of his victory and their defeat."

"Hush, hush!" cried Bernard March, with a laugh; "dear Lucy Langdale, you forget we are speaking of her friends the Roundheads. Make yourself easy, my kind old friend. I do not believe there is a rebel left between this and Banbury, that would not run at the first sight of a love-lock; and, moreover, if hereafter they should get the upper hand of us, and make strict inquiry how you came to shelter pretenders and malignants, especially that proclaimed traitor, Bernard, calling himself Earl of Dartmoor, you can but say it was upon compulsion, and there is old Hardcastle, who will swear to it."

"Fie, Bernard! you are a silly boy," answered the old lady; "when you were here last, you were grave enough, and I had hopes of you. Natural you should be grave, for they had got King Charles and—"

"Hush!" said Bernard March, solemnly, "he is a saint in heaven; and the time will come, I hope, and some here may live to see, when this land shall mourn for what it did unto the royal martyr."

"Well, God grant us peace!" said the old lady.

"At seventy years of age one gets

away from continual strife; and I have seen too much of it; but we forget our guests. They are doubtless tired, and will find a pillow pleasant. But I must hear more of this battle, or whatever it was. They will tell me as they discourse; for I will not trust thee, Bernard.—Thou wilt boast of all manner of deeds; and yet I fancy I shall find one who will boast for them. Come, dove, I will see you and your mother to your chamber, and will promise to love you very much, if you will engage not to marry that young man. Oh, he is a terrible malignant, men tell me, and you see how he can treat his own near relations!"

With these words she led the way from the room into the neighboring hall where they had first found her; but at the door she stopped short; for she found two armed men pacing up and down in the guise of sentinels.

"Why, who are these?" she exclaimed in a tone of indignation and vexation, turning towards Bernard, who followed.

"Only my sentries, dear lady," he answered, "you forget that you are in conspiracy to my King, King Charles. This house is in my possession in his name. I occupy this lower floor, and my posts are placed wherever I judge. It is a rule which has no exception."

"Well, sir, well," said the old lady, turning away with a look of much indignation; but at the door she stopped, saying, in a smoother tone, "Hardcastle will show you to your room, sir. I suppose I am not expected to be groom of the chamber to gentlemen, my lord."

"I am always my own," replied Lord Dartmoor with a bow, and calmly saw her depart.

When she was gone, Bernard paused for a moment or two in thought. Then raising his voice he said,

and unmoved by me; but my good cousin here, is a strange and somewhat changeable person; and I thought, perchance, to find one of those who had dipped their hands in the blood of my murdered master. I knew not what might be her religion now. She was once a friend and follower of the martyred Laud. She may now, for sooth I know, be a frequenter of the talmudic or meeting house."

All these and many other considerations crossed his mind in that brief interval of thought, but then he answered,

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ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-THREE.

"Will you descend? you are quite safe; but it is necessary I should speak a few words with you."

"Safety?" said the monk, with a scoff,

"what care I for safety? If I wanted safety, why did I come here? Nor do I see of what use are words between us. You have done your worst, young man, in discovering me to those two soldiers;" and as he spoke, he came down with a firm tread upon the table, and then upon the floor.

"You are mistaken," replied Lord Dartmoor, "these two men are faithful and subordinate, and will, I know, obey my orders to the letter."

"Ay!" answered the other, "like all the rest—obey man, and forget God! I was once such myself—proud, vain, wilful, till the curse of Cain fell upon me; and I raised my hand against a brother's life. But glory be to Him on high, who sent the remorse and the punishment bethems, who let not the crime be fully committed, yet kept me in ignorance of His great grace till that grace had worked the subjugation of my heart! Why I saw him fall!"

"Come down, sir," repeated Lord Dartmoor, in a tone firm enough; but not menacing.

"I know every recess of this house, and all

its secret places as well as you do, at least. Your person is safe, if your hands have not been dipped in the blood of the martyr. If they have, other voices must judge you—not mine."

"My hands have been dipped in no blood but mine own," replied a deep voice, from within the opening which the removal of the picture exposed to view; and the next moment there appeared, like a portrait in a frame, a tall, somewhat stout man in a costume, very different, perhaps, from that which any one there present expected to see. It was that of a monk, with the dim garments floating round him, and his hand resting on a rosary of black beads hanging from his girdle. His face, as far as the general features went, was quite calm, though stern and grave, but his dark eyes were wandering and uncertain—not flashing or excited, but with the small, contracted pupil and constant movement which one often sees in some kinds of insanity. Yet his manner was quite tranquil, as if every thought, gesture, and expression were under full command. He looked first at Lord Dartmoor, and then at each of the sentinels; then at Lord Dartmoor again, and then at the two men; but there was nothing of fear or trepidation in the glance he gave either. It was merely an unquiet, restless motion of the eye, which seemed habitual.

It was all very rapid, and at length he spoke.

"What want you with me?" he said, in the same deep, gloomy tones. "If you suppose I am hiding here for my own security, you are mistaken. I only condescended to enter this place to shield a lady from persecutions. For my own life I ask nothing. Who takes the burden off my shoulders puts it on his own. I am weary of it, and would fain put it down; but, whosoever you are, you will comprehend—at least I judge so, from the words I have heard—that you are neither serving the cause you advocate nor the religion you profess, in forcing me to disclose myself thus prematurely."

"Not fully," replied Lord Dartmoor, "but I may comprehend, in part. I have lived long among persons of your religious persuasion, and can perceive that you thought you had committed a great crime, and have done ample penance for it. Let it then be forgotten. The crime, it seems, was not really committed, and your long repentance must have blotted out the offence."

"No, not!" cried the monk, "you mistake, young man—you mistake the principles and force of my faith—the true faith, the ancient faith, the faith of saints, and martyrs, and apostles. I mistook once, and I thought that by doing penance for the act, I could atone for its motives; but not so, young man, not so. I have learned to do penance for the feelings and the desire and the pride that instigated it. You have heard of Cain. Even your heresy tells you of his crime and its consequences; but think—only think—of what must have been his feelings, when he saw before his brother his brother dead upon the grass, the first sight of death which had darkened the shining universe. Was it the knowledge alone that he was a murderer, that that awful act was his? Oh, no! There was much more. Up before his eye, rose at that moment, the prophetic forecast of all to which that act was to give rise; and more, far more; the cloud was removed from his sight, and he saw how, step by step, desire had grown into envy, and envy into hatred; and both into contempt of God and of His word; and then came upon him the glory of the Almighty, and was to him, not a blessing, but a curse. I have felt it all, young man; but no one who has not felt it can know it."

He spoke in the same earnest manner, and with the same sort of wild vehemence which had more or less characterized all he had hitherto said; but the language he used was English, and though there was that strong foreign accent, the words were good and well chosen, as if the tongue was or had been familiar to him.

Bernard March was—an unusual thing for him—somewhat puzzled how to act.

"You know, I presume," he said, "that your presence in this country, is very dangerous to yourself, especially at this time."

"What care I for danger?" replied the monk, "men fear who have some blessings to live for. I have none. The momentary pain, the long repose of death, the ending of all fear, and sorrow, and regret, the committal of one's self solely to the unfailing mercy of the most High, what is there to fear in that? But yet you are right in one sense. I have duties to perform before I die, or the voluntary atonement is not made. When that is accomplished, I am ready to depart."

"Well, then," replied the Earl, "let us speak of what is best for your safety till the end is gained. I will not attempt to hide from you, that had I known whom I should find behind that frame, it should have remained still and unmoved by me; but my good cousin here, is a strange and somewhat changeable person; and I thought, perchance, to find one of those who had dipped their hands in the blood of my murdered master. I knew not what might be her religion now. She was once a friend and follower of the martyred Laud. She may now, for sooth I know, be a frequenter of the talmudic or meeting house."

"Hear me to an end," answered Lord Dartmoor, calmly but gravely; "you do not yet understand your own position or mine. Do you know that hostile armies are gathering round this very spot?"

"I have heard something of the kind," answered the other; "but what care I for it?"

"Do you know that the soldiers of either army would think they did good service in shedding your blood?" continued Bernard March.

"You say you have an object to accomplish, a mission to fulfil. What becomes of either, if by your own impudence you lose your life before either is attained?"

"But where are the women to be left?" asked the monk. "I would see them beyond danger were it possible."

"Every place is dangerous in these times," said the Earl, with a very grave face; "but yet, perhaps, there is one place where they may find some security. There is a house called Buckley, not far from St. Neots, which at one time was sequestered by the Parliament. But

are here in security. Elsewhere you must death; I myself, leaving all these must die to me, must go forward, whatever be the result."

"Cannot I go with you?" exclaimed the monk, abruptly.

"No," said the Earl, in a decided tone; "I cannot bring up the King's cause the accusation of favoring a religion which is viewed with hatred, not only by those opposed to him, but by those especially who are now his strongest and best supporters. You must remain here till the fate of the next battle is decided. How it may end, who on this earth can say? But it is wise to provide against all contingencies, though we fear none. It may be this fortunate General—this Cromwell—this King slayer!"

"God's curse upon him!" said the monk.

"Who is now rapidly following my royal master," continued Bernard, without noticing his words, "may once more, by his high qualities, which are many, or by our faults, which are not few, command success. I may fall upon the field, be taken prisoner, be so wounded as to be incapable of giving help or counsel.

In that case, if you will throw off these garments, assume the dress of an English layman, and act as guide to the ladies I have here, you may do good service to the most faithful servants of King Charles, pursue your journey, and accomplish your own purposes, whatever they may be. You must well know the face of this country of England after your long wanderings!"

"Every inch of it," replied the other, bending his head; "but the garb, how can I cast that off? Even when I was ordained a priest, I retained the frock, which in penitence of heart I had assumed."

"Your own faith, as well as your own security, justify such an act in such circumstances," said the Earl; "would that both were not often held to justify much more! Unless you do this you can be of no service to me or to yourself. But before I proceed I must have your promise."

The monk waved his hand, and bent his eyes upon the ground, remaining several moments in

by some caprice, I learn, or perhaps by some more generous motive, the sequestration has been raised, the sequestered removed, and a few old servants allowed to return and abide there. But you look strangely, my good friend. Do you know the place?"

"But slightly," said the monk, with his eyes wandering over the ground. "I was there many years ago for a short time; but I can find it. Go on."

"Leave the ladies there, then, till they hear more, and then make the best of your way to Lynn. Is there anything I can do for you? You have had food of course."

The man gave a cynical smile, and answered,

"The presence of your two men was security enough that I should have none. Blood and water is all that I take; but that, I fear, must be had; for I am quite faint. I would gladly have a lamp, too, and some means of trimming it."

"You shall have all you desire," replied the Earl, "and to-morrow people shall be sent to attend further to your wants."

The monk bowed his head not ungraciously; and the young nobleman calling in Pierrot, gave him the necessary orders. While the good man was gone, the monk, as if to fill up the time, said, in a low tone, but fixing his eyes upon the Earl's face,

"I would fain know your name, my son."

"Men call me the Earl of Dartmoor," said the other; "but it matters little what they call that which to-morrow may be a heap of dust. My plain name is Bernard March."

"Earl of Dartmoor! Bernard March!" murmured the monk. "And Countess of Mirepol, too!" and as soon as Pierrot had brought what he desired, he stepped upon the chair, entered the little secret chamber, and drew the picture over the aperture.

Bernard March then called the men to him, gave them strong injunctions to secrecy and silence, and adding, "Send old Hardcastle to me," sat down and covered his eyes with his hands.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

sentiment of the large towns, which are the strongholds of the liberals, than by the sentiment of the country places, which elect a majority of the members of the House of Commons.

The effect of these rumors of great wars is very penetrating to the commercial and other industrial interests of both France and England. Indirectly, also, they affect the pecuniary interests of the United States—subversively so far as the cotton interests are concerned; favorably in regard to the grain-growing, and cattle and pork producing interests. In case of a great war, there could hardly fail to be a demand upon this country for all its surplus of produce, at fair prices. But such considerations as these, though they may be allowed to, are not to be dwelt upon as if they could have the least effect on our hopes and wishes. As lovers of mankind, we must regret to see great nations plunging into vast wars, merely to gratify the caprice or ambition of one restless ruler. And our hopes and wishes must be, that this black cloud in the Eastern horizon shall speedily fade away, without desolating with its vengeful lightnings and fierce tornadoes, the homes of hundreds of thousands of our fellow men.

"The waters of Loch Katrine—those waters immortalized by Scott in his beautiful poem of the "Lady of the Lake"—are to be carried in pipes to Glasgow, for the use of the inhabitants of that prosaic city. Already the wells where it was not safe for a lowlander to be found,

"Without a pass from Rhoderick Dhu,"

are being recklessly dug, levelled and blasted by a lot of what our English friends call savages.

WHAT NEXT?—As an indication of the extensive circulation of the Ledger, we would state that we received, a few days ago, a letter containing \$24, for a "club," from Great Salt Lake City, Utah Territory.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

If that is an indication of extensive circulation, "we can more than match it." The Post has over one hundred subscribers in Utah.

#### QUESTIONS, ANSWERS, &c.

K. A. S. The name is a fictitious one.

E. S. By writing to the various publishers that advertise in THE POST, and comparing their answers, you can probably come to a satisfactory conclusion.

SUSAN. We see no objection to the acquisition of all kinds of knowledge by any man, or woman. As the field of knowledge, however, is a wide one, it is better to commence by acquiring such information as is most certain to be needed by you. For instance, it is all very well for a young lady to acquire a knowledge of French, German and Spanish—and we see no objection to her adding to the list Latin, Greek, Russian, Chinese and Arabic, together with as many of the Aboriginal tongues of this continent as is pleasant to her, and not destructive of the "fusal, dental and physiological exactness of her organs of utterance and her temperament"—to use the comprehensive phrase of the *New York Tribune*. But, before she devotes her time and energies to these studies, there are a few things in the housekeeping line that she would do well to master—or mistress—that is, if she has any intention of ever accepting the responsible position of wife, and head of the domestic department of a household. German is good, and Greek is good—when a man is hungry, a well-cooked meal is far more desirable. If a man's mouth could be satisfactorily filled with words, doubtless the German would come as near doing it as any other language, but, as the old proverb has it, "fine words butter no parsnips." If Susan correctly apprehends the drift of these remarks, she will perceive that we would, as a general rule, have every young lady well versed in household ways, to begin with—Then, if she has time, without neglecting the duties of her position in her father's house, to add to the elements of a common school education any of the higher branches, we should think it very commendable so to do. There is no branch of knowledge that is not useful, but it would be folly to omit those branches which we may be called upon to use every day, for the sake of those which can only occasionally be of any practical value. In this, as in most other things, the common-sense rule holds. Do not sacrifice the greater to the less.

SUSAN. No, it is not very difficult to get a situation on the stage. Most stage lines need good drivers—we suppose, of course, that is the kind of stage meant. You should have good recommendations for sobriety and punctuality.

ANNIE. If it fatigues you to walk a mile, walk half a mile—if that fatigues you, walk a quarter of a mile—if that, stay at home, or go in a carriage. There is no use in calling in a doctor—take a broad pill, well buttered, two or three times a day, it will suit your case precisely.

STUDY. In preparing a manuscript for publication, the first draught is sufficient. If it is written in such a cramped and illegible hand, and so obscured with alterations and erasures, that the editor cannot read it without great difficulty, it will be all the better. You may add in a note, that "you really were too much hurried to make a clean copy, and that you always hate to read over your own compositions." By following these instructions implicitly, you will render it very easy for said editor to come to a decision upon the merits of your article, which will no doubt make quite a light in his office, if not in the world.

HOWARD. Condemnations are not very difficult to make, and we wonder that more original ones are not sent to us by the contributors to the Riddler department. What does Edward think of the following?—Why was Falstaff like a certain旅行者 who claimed to have discovered this con-

J. S. V. You must submit—a clergyman has a pre-emption right as it were, to marry the prettiest and richest girl in his congregation. Until the minister is married, the other young men naturally can have no peace. Many young ladies think that in marrying the minister, they not only wed the height of earthly felicity, but that, at their deaths, their good man will have nothing to do but turn the key, and let them into the realms of felicity above. A dangerous rival therefore is the minister. If you are the schoolmaster, the lawyer, or the editor of the village, you may have in the ghost of a chance—but, if neither of these, we pity you. Your best plan would be to turn minister yourself.

WOO. The "woolstock" is the seal of the Lord Chancellor of England in the House of Lords. It is a large square bag of wool, covered with red cloth. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when Free Trade was not in fashion in England, an Act

#### CITY SIGHTS AND THOUGHTS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEAR G. H.—

I have lately been deeply interested by reading the report of the Ohio State Reform Farm—the first institution in America founded on the European system, and on the great principle of confidence in human nature and faith in its redemability.

The Report gives on the whole, a cheering account of progress and success, though the enterprise has had many serious and vexatious obstacles to contend with. These have arisen, not so much from the vices, ignorance and weakness of the boys, these being well understood and calculated upon—as from the want of faith, and genuine, long-enduring charity and philanthropy in the officers—deficiencies which were not fully anticipated by the ardent and benevolent advocates of the plan.

To give you any idea of the peculiar qualities required to fit one to be a thorough and efficient officer and teacher in this institution, I must speak somewhat at length of its peculiar system, and of the character of its inmates.

The Reform Farm is a beautiful tract of land, near Lancaster, Ohio, on which several plain and commodious buildings have been erected, as homes and schools for such vicious and incorrigible boys as have hitherto been confined in jails, penitentiaries and Houses of Refuge, subject to the degrading and hardening influence of older criminals.

There is no wall about the farm—there are no gratings to the windows of the buildings—no ponderous locks and bolts upon the doors. From the first, the system is to trust the boys, even while watching over them with faithful vigilance—to treat them as unfortunate brothers, rather than as degraded criminals—to rouse the best and manliest attributes of their natures—to restore their lost self-respect—to inspire a sense of honor, which comes to most of them like a new soul. It is impressed on them that they are here not "in durante vile," but under a useful and kindly restraint—not as a punishment, but as an act of grace, for their good and happiness.

The institution is divided into families—over each of which are appointed two assistant officers, called "Elder Brothers." These assistants are with the boys at all times, having charge of them in all things. There are also other Elder Brothers, who watch at night, nurse them in illness, and look after them when in confinement. They also lead in devotion, by reading the Lord's Prayer, night and morning, and have charge of what is called the "Moral Training." The families are divided into classes—and the classes into divisions. These divisions are marked by badges. The highest is called the "Eagle badge." When a boy has worn this for three consecutive months, he is entitled to a discharge, "on probation." Hewards are given of money, books, and marks of merit. For labor over the allotted tasks, the boys receive pay, which they may spend as they please. For special cleanliness, cleanliness, or good manners, they receive permission to sit at "the table of honor," with the Principal, or commendation before the whole school. When a boy leaves the institution "on probation," he takes with him all he has earned therein, a change of linen and a small sum of money. He is promised a cordial welcome should he wish to return—and his class are permitted to accompany him a little way on his road, to bid him a brotherly adieu. Some return—flung back by the great unfriendly sea of society—and some choose to remain in the only home they have ever known. There become "cadets," and assistants.

One of the principles most rigidly adhered to, and with the most happy effect, is that of inflicting punishment as a calm, public judgment, some time after the offence—not hastily under the excitement of the provocation. In the evening hour, devoted to moral training, the conduct of the youth is reviewed, and the rewards and punishments dealt out with equal faithfulness and kindness. On every Sunday morning the Principal holds a moral review of the week just past—when he passes judgment on cases reserved for his decision, and talks to the boys, in a gentle, fatherly way, giving them counsel and encouragement, as well as reproof.

The farm and household labor is nearly all performed by the boys—always under the supervision of the Elder Brothers, who do not stand over them like armed prison wardens—silent and stern—but assist them with advice and the help of their hands. Idleness is held up as not the least among "the seven deadly sins"—as a vice not to be tolerated or excused. Little except domestic and agricultural labor has as yet been attempted, but various mechanical employments are soon to be established. Much, almost all has been accomplished, when young idlers and vagrants have been made to realize that labor is honorable and holy—that the sweat of honest toil is purifying to the soul—the baptism of nature.

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## LETTER FROM PARIS.

BUTTERFLIES—A QUADRANT—DODDERS: DOCTOR SWAN—A UNIQUE COLLECTION—THE SON OF THE SWAN—HOW TIMES GET TITLES—A GERMAN STORY.

Paris, April 7, 1859.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The brilliance of the weather is bringing out the flowers in the gardens of this gay capital, and the Spring finery of the fairer half of the population, who, with the children, seem to grow gayer with every new season. Alas for the hopes in which too-sanguine reformers have indulged in the scene of crime! Flowers are decidedly disappearing, and jackets—the most convenient and generally becoming of recent modes—have vanished from the scene. After insisting on the necessity of proper clothing for young children, the impropriety of a child's being exposed to a draught of air, or to a high wind on a stormy day, or even to rapid driving in an open carriage if the sky be lowering, it observes that, in order to prevent the incipient inflammation from fixing itself on the larynx when crop is threatened, leeches should be applied above the knee, and warm poultices of bread and lincé flour to the soles of the feet, which should be kept warm by bottles of hot water; a physician, meantime, being sent for, without delay. "We shall conclude our summary," says the medical authority in question, "with the following curious fact:—About a month ago, a child, at Nantes, was given up by three physicians, who went away with the conviction that it could not live many minutes longer. The child's grandmamma, being left alone with it, said to herself: 'Since the case is desperate, I risk nothing in trying a remedy of my own.' She, accordingly, took a long goose-quill, dipped its feather into brandy, thrust it into the child's windpipe, and actually scraped it clean, bringing out an immense quantity of false membranes. The larynx being thus freed from its obstructions, the child recovered!" It may be inferred, with tolerable safety, that this shrewd and quickwitted "grandmamma," is neither a votary of tight-lacing nor of crinoline!

Among the last to adopt the hooped skirts now so universally in use were two literary friends of mine, both boasting names of some celebrity in the world of authorship, and both having repeatedly declared that nothing should induce them to adopt so ridiculous and inconvenient a fashion. Both of them happened to be, in the autumn, at a grand *souire* at the house of a well-known lion-hunter of this city. The toilettes of all the other ladies were expanded to a prodigious size; but my two reasonable friends were true to their principles, wore neither hoops nor crinoline, and declared that they gloried in being the only two sensibly-dressed people in the assembly.

Shortly after this party had taken place, Miss C—— went to Italy for the winter, and Mrs. D—— to Berlin, and each, getting tired of always appearing as "the only lady without crinoline," adopted, it seems, the obnoxious appendage in the course of the winter. A fortnight ago, Miss C—— came to Paris, on her way to England, and last week Mrs. D—— also arrived on her way back from Berlin. Finding that Miss C—— was here, Mrs. D—— was anxious to see her, but could not make up her mind to exhibit herself to the eyes of her friend in her newly-adopted "deformity." Miss C—— was equally desirous to see Mrs. D——, but she, also, was withheld from calling by the fear of encountering the good-tempered ridicule with which she was sure her friend would greet the appearance of her hoops. Both ladies had privately taken me into their confidence, and had laughingly confessed that, much as they wished to meet, they positively could not endure the thought of revealing to the other the "weakness of compliance" into which they had fallen. I listened to both with all the gravity I could command, and having vainly endeavored to induce either of them to volunteer the first call in the present addition to their toilettes, I at last suggested that, if courage were lacking to make the *avowal* of the terrible *japon*, it might be laid aside during the visit, and resumed again afterwards.

"But that would be a very cowardly proceeding," returned Mrs. D——, "as I have adopted the detestable fashion, I should be ashamed of myself if I pretended that I had not done so." "I continued hesitating, "I think I must even run the risk of being laughed at, and see our friend in the absurd hoops with which I have at length consented to afflict myself."

Miss C——, who had met a similar suggestion with the reply that it would be of no use to try to hide the deplorable fact of her apostasy from the sharp eyes of Mrs. D——, who would doubtless soon meet her somewhere or other in all the glory of her spreading draperies, at length determined, though reluctantly, to put a brave face on the matter, and meet Mrs. D—— once in the full sweep of her newly-adopted enormities. Such being the conclusion arrived at by my friends, I invited them to get the agony of the meeting over in the easiest way by coming to dine with me on the following day. This they both promised to do.

Next day, at half past five, and in a great state of laughing trepidation, arrived Mrs. D——, with her husband, whose wish is, but fair to say, had alone induced her to adopt the fashion she so much dislikes. At five minutes before six, just as I was beginning to fear that the soup might suffer from delay on the part of Miss C——, that lady (who afterwards confessed that she had put off coming until the last moment, so much was she in dread of the quizzing she expected to encounter from Mrs. D——,) sailed into the parlor, with a comical expression of mingled embarrassment and amusement depicted in her countenance. The mutual astonishment of the two ladies on perceiving the unexpected apostasy of the other, and the burst of laughter that followed the discovery, together with your correspondent's enjoyment of the scene, I leave to the imagination of your readers.

Thus, through the love of one portion of the female sex for the ostentatious display of fine garments, and the unwillingness of the other to be regarded as "objects," the inconvenient, expensive, and unhealthy peculiarities of the feminine toilette still hold their ground. Yet how impossible is true and genuine progress

in the domestic and social sphere without the large, enlightened, and generous aid of woman; and how impossible is it that woman should thus discharge her special duties in these most important spheres, while he-corseted, he-hooped, and he-burbled, so that she is habitually stinted of breath and activity, and compelled to restrict the range of her care and interest to the limits imposed on her by the necessities of a heavy, cumbersome, and expensive style of dress!

Diphtheria, croup, and other dangerous afflictions of the respiratory organs have been unusually prevalent through the spring. The *Medical Bee* has been publishing a series of articles on this subject, with a view to showing mothers what should be the system followed in cases of croup, a disease which carries off annually a very large number of the children of this country. After insisting on the necessity of proper clothing for young children, the impropriety of a child's being exposed to a draught of air, or to a high wind on a stormy day, or even to rapid driving in an open carriage if the sky be lowering, it observes that, in order to prevent the incipient inflammation from fixing itself on the larynx when crop is threatened, leeches should be applied above the knee, and warm poultices of bread and lincé flour to the soles of the feet, which should be kept warm by bottles of hot water; a physician, meantime, being sent for, without delay. "We shall conclude our summary," says the medical authority in question, "with the following curious fact:—About a month ago, a child, at Nantes, was given up by three physicians, who went away with the conviction that it could not live many minutes longer. The child's grandmamma, being left alone with it, said to herself: 'Since the case is desperate, I risk nothing in trying a remedy of my own.' She, accordingly, took a long goose-quill, dipped its feather into brandy, thrust it into the child's windpipe, and actually scraped it clean, bringing out an immense quantity of false membranes. The larynx being thus freed from its obstructions, the child recovered!" It may be inferred, with tolerable safety, that this shrewd and quickwitted "grandmamma," is neither a votary of tight-lacing nor of crinoline!

QUANTUM.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The Africa arrived at New York on the 28th.

Among the Africa's passengers is the Earl of Southampton.

Paul Murphy is not a passenger, as was anticipated.

The Dresden Journal alleges acquaintance with the fact that, according to a recent counter-proposal made by France, (which is also said to be seconded in other quarters,) the Congress will assemble on the 23rd of April, at Carlsruhe, and commence operations by re-solving a general disarming.

The statement that Austria positively refuses to join in the Congress unless there is a previous general and simultaneous disarmament, is confirmed.

Paris despatch states that the progress of the negotiations intended for the consideration of the Congress is very slow, owing to the great difficulty attending them.

The London News says it is just as possible that the Congress may prepare and submit, instead of avert a war.

The Paris correspondent of the London Herald says there are reasons for believing that Austria's proposals, as points to be submitted to the Congress, will be wholly unacceptable to France.

The Patrie says that France cannot be expected to diminish her army, nor send back a single cannon to the arsenals.

The Paris letters regard peace as hopeless. The movements of the French troops assume the most threatening proportions, and the preparations in every branch continue without abatement. "The Patrie," nevertheless, asserts that France has not armed.

It is reported that the Pope will protest against the holding of the proposed European Congress.

Sales of old family gatherings, rare China, manuscripts, and letters of renowned individuals are rather "the rage" here just now, and fetch, as usual, enormous prices. Among other precious collections shortly to be disposed of, Lablache's snuff boxes are about to be sold by auction. They amount to many hundreds, and bear imperial, royal, princely, ducal, literary, and lady-fair effigies, brilliant in diamonds, pearls, sapphires, rubies, malachite, lapis-lazuli, and humble horn. A good story of Lablache is told in connexion with his snuff-boxes, and illustrative of his ready gift at repartee. Some years ago, when in London, the Queen inquired of the favorite singer whether it was true that his collection of snuff-boxes amounted to one hundred?

"Not yet, Madam," replied the witty Neapolitan, "I have only ninety-nine."

Of course, the hundredth snuff-box was sent next day to Lablache's residence.

This genial and highly-gifted artist—looking in his later years like a noble old oak, with snow on its top—used to say that he always endeavored, when on the stage, to fix the attention of some one intelligent and willing listener, the concentration of effort thus produced, and the tact understanding of sympathy thus engendered, being of the greatest assistance to him, and enabling him to give vent to his feelings without restraint.

Few among the brilliant and sensitive favorites of the musical world, have enjoyed, on the whole, so sunny and so fortunate a path as that of Lablache. Raised by his talents, and his exquisite voice, from a humble walk of life, to riches and eminence, happy in his domestic relations, honored as a Prince in Art by the Prince of the World, and ending a long and successful public career in the charms of an opulent and tasteful retirement in his native land, not many of his brethren of the stage have been equally fortunate. What a contrast, for instance, between the career of Lablache, the great singer, and Haydn, the immortal composer! The latter was deeply attached to the sovereign, the Emperor Francis, for whom he composed the beautiful melody, "God preserve the Emperor," which is now the national air of Austria; and in his piano moments he used to offer up fervent prayers for the Emperor's safe return to Vienna, during the occupation of that city by the French. The latter reached the suburbs on the 10th of May, 1809, and next morning commenced firing shot and shells upon the city, which the old artist's imagination represented to him as given up to fire and sword. Four bombs fell close to his dwelling, filling his little household with terror. He roused himself, and getting up from his chair, rebuked his servants with dignity for their want of firmness. But the effort was too much for him; he was seized with convulsive shivering, and carried to his bed. His strength continued to diminish; yet, on the 26th of May, he caused himself to be placed at the piano, where he again sang the national air, "God preserve the Emperor," three times, with all his remaining energy. It was the fabled "song of the swan." While he still sat at his piano, he fell into a state of stupor, and at length expired, on the morning of the 31st of May, aged 75 years and two months.

Haydn's beautiful air was composed expressly in honor of his imperial patron, and was at once given to the world under its true name. But titles are sometimes appropriated to music by accidental circumstances, quite foreign to the intentions of the composer, and having no affinity with the character of the composition. Thus the melody commonly known by the title of "The Harmonious Blacksmith," is said to have been suggested by the singing and hammering of a blacksmith working at his forge. Nay, tradition tells of the hammer and anvil of the said blacksmith, preserved as relics, and associated with the name of the immortal Handel. Now, all this is purely the invention of persons ignorant of the fact that this charming old melody is an old French air, very pretty words to which were written by Clement Marot. Handel, with a slight improvement, introduced

this air, with variations, into his *œuvres de piéce*, for the harpsichord. The real history of the *Vulcain* association of this melody, is as follows:—A blacksmith, residing at Bath, one Linton, a music-seller and *musician*, a remarkable character in his way, having stood sponsor to his own favorite piece of music, baptised it after himself, "The Harmonious Blacksmith." By this title it soon became popularly known; but all the incidents of the forge, hammer and anvil, are pure inventions. A collection of old French ballads, songs, madrigals, &c., entitled *Echos des temps passés*, edited by Wickerlin, of this city, contains the old melody of Clement Marot's song; it describes Marot as the greatest poet of his time, and says he was born in 1495. He was page to Marguerite de Valois, sister of Francis; was patronized by the frail and fair Diana of Poitiers, and fought at the battle of Pavie, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. He made, with Theodore de Beze, a translation of the Psalms of David, which the Protestants used to sing to the favorite airs of that day, (probably those of Goudimel,) besides a number of secular songs. He died in 1545. The date of the air is unknown. Some critics regard it as having been composed earlier than the verses of Clement Marot; others as being of a later period.

QUANTUM.

To a squire who was boasting of his horse's speed, Sam Foote replied—"Pooh! my horse will stand *faster* than yours can gallop!"

A PHYSICIAN'S PHILOSOPHY.—Dr. Abernethy used to tell his pupils that all human diseases sprung from two causes—*suffocation* and *restlessness*.

MONEY is the root of all evil. Never-

theless, it is an eminently occult root, and I vote that we dig for it, oh friends!—*Pascal.*

"Pray, what?" said old Capias, to Gallipot Sawyer.

"Is the difference between a druggist and a lawyer?"

"Why this?" replied Gallipot, "beyond any doubt,

One rains with *scruples*, the other without."

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY.—You may be better than others, but that doesn't mean to say that you are worth much.—*Pooh.*

CONCEALMENT.—Mr. Jenkins playfully remarked to his wife, that in her he possessed four falls.

"Name them, my love."

"You are beautiful, dutiful, youthful, and amorous."

"You have the advantage of me, my dear."

"How so, my precious?"

"I have but one fool."

Mr. Jenkins made no further inquiries.

EARLY ATTACHMENTS blighted, flow back in bitterness upon the heart.—*Moses.*

AFFECTATION is a greater enemy to the small-pox.—*St. Evermod.*

COWS thou with me—

If from gray dawn to solemne night's approach

Thou soul hast wasted all its better thoughts,

Tolling and panting for a little gold,

Drudging amid the very less of life.

For this accursed slave that makes men slaves—

Come thou with me into the pleasant fields:

Let Nature breathe on us and make us free.

—*Hyrant.*

A Western editor having published a long leader on hoggs, a rival paper in the same village upbraids him for protruding his family matters upon the public.

DR. FRANKLIN, talking of a friend of his, who had been a Manchester dealer, said "that he never sold a piece of tape narrower than his own mind."

The following conversation actually occurred in Hanover street not long since between two youthful members of the same family. The girl was about twelve years of age, and the lad not far from ten:

Young lad to his sister, who was looking behind her—"You're after that feller—you needn't deny it."

Indignant young Miss—"I'll have you to know I can have him if I want him!"—*Boston Transcript.*

A couple of Austrian travellers stopping at the Hotel Francaise, in the city of Cordova, the capital of the Argentine Confederation, were surprised and annoyed by noticing on the bill of fare, "Eggs on Horseback." Peter minded to know what it meant, they called for the equestrian dish, when it was placed before them in the shape of a beefsteak, with two eggs on top.

EVERY part of a man's person testifies to his predominant feelings and sentiments.—

But the eye, as the window of the soul, is the best index of the prevailing emotion. It speaks of sickness or health, sorrow or joy, purity or guilt.

There are eyes all innocence, as well as

organs out of which restless gnomes and

demons peer. Some eyes threaten like a loaded pistol, and others are as insulting as hissing or kicking; some have no more expression than blueberries, while others are as deep as a well which you can fall into.—*Emerson.*

EVER note that, in controversy, he who

bathes a good argument, adjoins thereto

contrarywise, he whose argument haleth, is

fail to avail himself of issues irrelevant;

as names, and motives, and former strivings under different relations; the intent whereof is to withdraw attention from his own dis-  
tress.

HOWbeit, he who resorts to these artifices

is but a scoundrel, and a scoundrel he is.

EVERY man is a *poor relation* to his betters.

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## THE COTTAGE AND ITS INMATES.

WRITER FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It was a cottage. Don't tell me that I don't know. Haven't I been there to gather roses and feast on strawberries? and who, pray, should know better? Not I. It wasn't a cottage ever—there was nothing Frenchified about it. It was purely American, and harmonized so sweetly with the delightful American scenery! Nor it hadn't a flat roof, nor a portico; nothing at all of the kind. But then it had rose vines running all over the windows, and white colonies of wreaths that built their nests and sang beneath its eaves. To the right was a field of clover, red with blossoms; on the left was an orchard, whence every wind scattered a snowy shower of blossoms; in front was a green lawn, shaded with some massive walnut trees; and to the rear opened a long grassy lane, through which the cows walked every morning to their pasture beyond, and returned by the same way at night.

I knew well enough to whom this cottage belonged. No, it wasn't to a school teacher, nor a preacher, nor an author—no such thing! it was built by the hand of him who owned it, and lived in it, and I had always admired his excellent taste in blending the useful with the beautiful, though I had never seen him, my visits having always been made to his wife, and, during his absence, I had heard of him, though hard enough to make me intensely anxious to see him; for not a female tongue in the neighborhood approved the judgment of his wife's choice.

"What is the master with him?" I asked;

"Is it your husband?" I asked.

"My husband as he was," she answered with a sigh. "You have never seen him?"

I replied in the negative.

"It is almost time for him to be here," she continued.

"You will stay with us this evening?"

I replied that I should be happy to form his acquaintance, and again looked at his portrait.

"Is it his husband?" I asked.

"Not that I know of," was the rejoinder; "but to tell you the truth, Dolly, he's insensibly ugly—his face is all scarred and disfigured, I should think, by fire, and you know it always makes me nervous to look at anything of the kind."

"Poor man! perhaps he got burned in rescuing some child or feeble woman from the flames?" I said.

"Don't know—never heard; never made inquiries; you know they only came to live in this neighborhood last summer, and I never dare ask her what had so frightfully disfigured him, but I wish you would—oh, I should like to know!"

"I am considerably acquainted with Mrs. Winslow," I replied; "I thought of calling upon her this very morning; perhaps she will tell me without my asking."

"Do; that's a dear good Dolly!"

And I did.

The whole atmosphere seemed redundant with music and fragrance; I couldn't tell why all the birds had taken it into their little heads to sing, warble and build their nests there; I didn't know why it was that the mosses, buttercups, violets and daisies should prefer that place to any other; but they certainly seemed to, judging from the profusion in which they grew.

The whole prospect was delightfully rural and picturesque, and over all lingered an influence of dreamy quietude and repose.

A narrow footpath, crooked as footpaths always are, wound along through the lawn, beneath the shadow of the giant walnut, and by this I approached, entered the little gate, and ascended the gravelled walk, bordered by beds of flowers, to the door. It was open, and I went in.

Alone—a serene and peaceful hush rested within. The balmy wind nestled in the wreaths of snowy drapery hanging at the window, where great white and red roses boughs their graceful heads, and the warm, rich sunlight came in, and lay in bright bars of radiance upon the floor.

Not quite alone either—a cradle was there; and it required no conjuring to tell that the cradle had an inmate—a self-dignified, thoughtful, imperturbable little baby, whose quiet calmness I couldn't quite understand. It was wide awake, and its great blue eyes were staring with infant persistence at something, I couldn't tell what; then they turned upon me, and I returned the gaze. But it made no difference; the baby had not a foul or evil thought to hide; it was not conscious of a sin in word or deed; hence there came no blush to that delicately rounded cheek; no falling to that calm, quiet eye, limpid as a lake in summer, serene as the heaven of June.

What a curious mental transcript would be the mind of a baby! Of what was it thinking?

Perhaps of the dainty smells that came in with every breath at the open window, perhaps of the great, red blossoms hanging in clusters amid the green leaves, and the light so warm and rosy falling in showers not far off; perhaps, of its airing yesterday out in the green woods, beside the brook, beneath the shadows of ancient oaks, among the ferns and mosses, and farther into the woods again, where thickets of laurel were one mass of rainbow-tinted bloom.

That baby knows nothing of the neglect of hirelings or nursery maids. It has never been left to the tender mercies of strangers, that its mother might attend balls and operas. It has never been dosed with drugs, and put into an unnatural sleep, in order that the nurse might chat, sitting on the steps with her next door neighbor, or, perhaps, entertain company with the cook of an evening in the kitchen. The baby's round, dimpled face and chubby person give the lie at once to any such supposition. It knows nothing of collars reeking with filth and mire, and all nauseous and unsavory smells. Nothing of aches, chills, confined, writhing with smoke, and a stifling atmosphere.

Happy baby!—to be cured for continually by its own mother—to inhale with every breath the freshest air, and the perfume of opening blossoms—to drink in draughts of health and happiness with every opening day. But, the baby, like many others in this great world, don't know how it is blessed.

There was a rustle and flutter of muslin, the sound of a light, springy step, the glimpse of a fairy form, and Mrs. Winslow stood before me. She was not very beautiful, but sparkling and vivacious, with the glow of health on her cheek, and its light in her eye.

The baby had raised up now, to be sure; no more of its quiet and calmness—no more of its

thoughtful serenity. Its little form fairly flushed with joy; it laughed, clapping its dimpled hands.

"You've come to stay all day with me, haven't you? and baby had such good company while mamma was gone, hadn't it?" she said, in a light, chirrupy way that set off the little fellow with renewed delight. Her invitation had only mounted my design, so removing my bonnet and mantilla, while she sat in the rocker and took the baby, we prepared to enjoy the day and each other's society.

I can't tell what we talked about. No; it wasn't of balls, nor operas, nor liams, nor sights. No; not a neighbor's character was discussed. No; the infirmities of the clergyman were not shown up. No; not a morsel of private scandal was eat or carven. But the time flew swiftly and pleasantly till dinner, and quite as swiftly and pleasantly after dinner, and when the great, round sun was sinking behind the trees that glowed and burned in the rich, warm light, she came to where I was sitting, and without a word laid a portrait in my lap. It was that of a noble-looking man, with most expressive and faultless features.

"Is it your husband?" I asked.

"My husband as he was," she answered with a sigh. "You have never seen him?"

I replied in the negative.

"It is almost time for him to be here," she continued.

"You will stay with us this evening?"

I replied that I should be happy to form his acquaintance, and again looked at his portrait.

"He doesn't look like that now," she answered, wiping away a tear. "Yet he says, that he shall ever have cause to bless the fire by which he lost his good looks, but which won him what he esteemed a thousand times more valuable."

"What was it?" I asked, with an unaccountable dullness of apprehension.

She pointed archly, and with a sweet, sad smile to her wedding-ring.

"Do tell me the story, I should be delighted to hear it."

Again she smiled, saying,

"I do not know that you will consider it very interesting; however, several reasons conspire to make me wish that you should know all, and since you have heard, never perhaps I may as well tell you."

"Certainly, certainly."

"You see when Mr. Winslow first began his attentions to me I wasn't at all pleased. He was handsome, I knew, but I had set my mind, very faithfully, I suppose, on having a rich husband, and one that could keep me above the necessity of work. So I slighted and repulsed him upon all occasions, making him feel not merely my indifference, but actual loathing and scorn. Such treatment one might have supposed would have quickly obliterated his passion; on the contrary, however, it seemed only to increase it."

"About this time I formed the acquaintance of a city gentleman, whom rumor reported to be immensely rich, and whose intense selfishness was veiled beneath a manner of the utmost snobbishness. His attentions to me were marked and not to be mistaken—and though he had never spoken of love, he acted and looked it, and I believed him."

"At this time I lived with my mother, in our beautiful cottage at North Bend; the place was very gay, and social parties large and frequent; I mingled in them all, and Barton was my escort. Sometimes I saw Winslow, but he seldom approached me, though his deep, sad eyes always seemed following me."

"It was in October, I think, the atmosphere dry and cool, with high winds, when, as we were returning from a party, late at night, I was surprised and shocked by the appearance in the distance of a deep red light, that seemed to climb the sky and quench the very stars. A wild and awful presentiment of approaching evil at the same instant crossed my mind."

"If that should be our house," I almost shrieked.

"Nonsense—it is much farther off," exclaimed Barton.

"But I was not satisfied, and hurried on, nearly dragging him with me."

"We came nearer, nearer. My fears were all too true. It was indeed our beautiful home, wrapped in one broad sheet of smoke and flame. Red热的 tongues were lapping the pillars, and shooting from the windows; while up at one of the sky-lights stood my mother in her night dress.

"My mother, my mother," I cried, "will no one give the assistance of my mother?"

"But I was not satisfied, and hurried on, nearly dragging him with me."

"We came nearer, nearer. My fears were all too true. It was indeed our beautiful home, wrapped in one broad sheet of smoke and flame. Red热的 tongues were lapping the pillars, and shooting from the windows; while up at one of the sky-lights stood my mother in her night dress.

"With one wild shriek I called the attention of the crowd to her situation. Hundreds of people had by this time collected, though chiefly as it seemed, for the gratification of curiosity. Some shouting and giving orders, which no one seemed inclined to obey.

"My mother, my mother," I cried, "will no one give the assistance of my mother?"

"Every moment the flames increased with astonishing rapidity, surging and roaring like the sea in a storm. Still my mother stood there surveying the scene with the resignation of a martyr."

"Barton, Barton," I shrieked, "for God's sake, help my mother."

"He stood still."

"I implored, and urged him."

"At length he turned toward me with a frown, saying:

"I cannot risk my own life to save even your mother."

"Great heaven, and I have loved this man. The thought rushed seething and seething through my brain."

"There was a shout, an exclamation, an utterance of brave, strong words. Some nervous arm had placed a ladder, and a man was rapidly mounting—on—through the dense smoke wreaths—through singeing flames, scorched by the intense heat; on—on—he went. It was a moment of intense suspense; the crowd swayed and murmured like a wind-swept wave. He appeared again; I saw my mother in his arms; I knew that she was saved. Then there was the crash of the falling roof, mingled with wild acclamations; and a great mist hung before my eyes; a noise, not unlike that of the roaring flame, was in my ears, and I lost the consciousness of surrounding objects."

THE COTTAGE'S REACTIONS.—When the Earl of Bradford was brought before the Chancellor to be examined upon application for a statute of banishment against him, the Chancellor asked him:

"How many legs has a sheep?"

"Does your lordship mean," answered Lord Bradford, "a live sheep or a dead sheep?"

"It is not the same thing!" said the Chancellor.

"No, my lord," said Lord Bradford; "there is much difference. A live sheep has two legs, a dead sheep has but two; the two fore-legs are shoulders, but there are but two legs of motion."

THE COTTAGE'S KNOWLEDGE.—He that signs of many arts, drinks of none.—Fable.

"Is it necessary to tell who it was that thus rescued my mother? or what emotions I experienced upon hearing how deeply I was indebted to the man I had despised. It is necessary, however, for me to tell you, that there and then he forever lost the good looks which you admire in that portrait. The clothes were burned from his body, and the flesh of his face and neck seared and scorched till the skin seemed of the consistency of leather."

"There, there, my dear," said a manly voice at the door, "you have told enough; let me finish."

I looked up. A man was there, on whose countenance were deep traces of the fiery element, but he didn't look ugly to me at all.—Each scar seemed rather a badge of honor, and the very soul of truth and nobleness beamed radiantly in his eyes. His wife presented him, and giving me his hand, he said:

"One whom my dear wife esteems so much cannot be a stranger to me, and now, since she has told you part—for I have been a sad eavesdropper—let me tell you the rest."

Joyfully assented.

"Then and there," he began, "I heard the hot flame roaring around me, and felt its fiery breath scorching my cheeks, and seeming to lap up the very springs of life, but was conscious only of a great joy at my heart, for the mother of her I prized was safe in my arms. I knew, when I touched the ground with my hands, that that had provided everything essential to my comfort: had not such a pleasant face bent over me, such a sweet voice murmured in my ear, such a soft hand administered to my wants. Never in the proudest days of my health had I experienced such exquisite felicity: never in my strength was I so happy as now in my weakness; now, when she sat beside me, when she read to me, when she brought me fruit and flowers, when she put her hand in mine and whispered something that would have repaid suffering a thousand times bitter than mine."

"Oh, William!" she cried, blushing to the very roots of her hair, "don't tell how silly and foolish I was."

"It was neither silliness nor folly," I exclaimed, "but the reward of great virtue and heroism. Let him go on; I am deeply interested."

"I have little more to tell," he resumed; "but when I grew strong and well enough to walk about, I observed that all the mirrors had been removed. Hitherto, in my deep happiness, I had thought little of the scars, which I should have known would deface my features. This incident reminded me of it, and excited my curiosity. When I requested that one should be brought, she implored me to desist, and finally burst into tears. I knew it all now, but thank God it didn't shock me in the least. I took her in my arms, and whispered that since her beautiful face had become mine, I saw no cause to regret the loss of my old one, and wouldn't, for the world, change back again. You have seen and love me now, I said, whereas you didn't before; you know all my disfigurement, and with it your manner has changed from scorn to kindness, so I have nothing to mourn for."

"Every day of my life since has convinced me more and more that I spoke the truth."

WRIGHT OF THE EARTH.—Copernicus first distinctly demonstrated that the apparent terrestrial plain was really a free and independent material mass, moving in a definable path through space. Then Newton explained that this independent mass moved through space because it was unsupported by props and chains; that, in fact, as a massive body, it is falling for ever through the void; but that, as it falls, it sweeps round the sun in a never-ending circuit, attracted towards it by magnet-like energy, but kept off from it by the force of its centrifugal movement. Next, Snell and Picard measured the dimensions of the heavy and falling mass, and found that it was a spherical body, with a girdle of 25,000 miles. Subsequently to this, Baily contrived a pair of scales that enabled him approximately to weigh the vast sphere; and he asserted that 1,256,195,670,000,000,000 tons of matter. To these discoveries Fontenay has recently added demonstration to the actual sense of the fact, that the massive sphere is whirling on itself as it falls through space, and round the sun, so that point after point of its vast surface is brought in succession into the genial influence of its sunshine; an inverting atmosphere of mingled vapor and air is made to present clouds, winds, and rain, and the inverted surface to bear vegetable forms and animated creatures in great diversity. The world, then, a large, solid sphere, invested with a loosened shell of transparent, elastic, easily moving vapor, and whirling through space within the domains of sunshine; so that by the combined action of the transparent mobile vapor and the stimulant sunshine, organized creatures may grow and live on its surface, and those vital changes may be diffused, amongst which conscious and mental life stand as the highest results.—*Edinburgh Review*, No. 206.

CLAREMONT IN THE SUMMER-TIME.

WRITER FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

If Heaven's mercy grant you grace

To look upon the summer's face,

You will not find a lovelier place—

Wherein to read the wondrous rhyme

God writes upon the summer time,

In flowers from every blushing clime—

Than Claremont—silent in her woods,

And silent in sudden golden floods

Of sunlight poured through leaves and buds!

One, standing at her antique door,

With heavy trailers tangled o'er,

This vision passed my eyes before—

(Albeit the skies dropped dull and slow

A shifting veil of silent snow,

Betwixt me and the town below.)

He stood between me and the storm—

With sudden sense my heart grew warm—

I leaned upon his sheltering arm—

"In truth," he said, "I am a child,"—

## LOVE ADMITS NO RIVAL.

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Shall I like a hermit, dwell  
On a rock or in a cell,  
Calling home the smaller part  
That is missing of my heart.  
To bemoan it where I may  
Meet a rival every day?  
If she undervalues me,  
What care I how rich he be?

Were her tresses angel gold,  
If a stranger may be bold,  
Unbent, unstraid,  
To convert them to a braid;  
And with little more ado  
Work them into bracelets, too;  
If the mine be grown so free,  
What care I how rich he be?

Were her hands as rich a prize  
As her head or precious eyes,  
If she lay them out to take  
Kisses for good manner's sake;  
And let every lover skip  
From her hand unto her lip;  
If she seem not chaste to me,  
What care I how chaste she be?

No, she must be perfect now,  
In effect as well as show;  
Warming but as snow-flakes do,  
Not by fire, but burning, too;  
But when by change hath got  
To her heart a second lot,  
Then if others share with me,  
Farewell her, whate'er she be!

## AN ILLUSTRIOUS BRITISH EXILE.

A few years ago I made the acquaintance of an elderly lady, whose husband, so far back as 1799, had held an official position, both civil and military, in the colony of New South Wales.—Many anecdotes she told me of celebrated characters who had, in the words of one of them, "left their country for their country's good." With most, if not with all, of these celebrities the old lady had come in contact personally.

"One morning," she began, "I was sitting in my drawing-room with my two little children, who are now middle-aged men with large families, when a gentleman was announced. I gave the order for his admission; and on his entering the door of the apartment, I rose from my chair and greeted him with a bow, which he returned in the most graceful and courtly manner imaginable. His dress was that of a man of fashion, and his bearing that of a person who had moved in the highest circles of society. A vessel had arrived from England a few days previously with passengers, and I fancied that this gentleman was one of them. I asked him to be seated. He took a chair, opposite to me, and at once entered into conversation, making the first topic the extreme warmth of the day, and the second the healthful appearance of my charming children—as he was pleased to speak of them. Apart from a mother's love to hear her children praised, there was such a refinement in the stranger's manner, such a seeming sincerity in all he said, added to such a marvellous neatness of expression, that I could not help thinking he would form a very valuable acquisition to our list of acquaintances, provided he intended remaining in Sydney, instead of settling in the interior of the colony."

"I expressed my regret that the Major (my husband) was from home; but I mentioned that I expected him at one o'clock, at which hour we took luncheon; and I further expressed a hope that our visitor would remain and partake of the meal. With a very pretty smile (which I afterwards discovered had more meaning in it than I was at the time aware of), he feared he could not have the pleasure of partaking of the hospitalities of my table, but with my permission, he would wait till the appointed hour,—which was then near at hand. Our conversation was resumed; and presently he asked my little ones to go to him. They obeyed at once, albeit they were rather shy children. This satisfied me that the stranger was a man of a kind and gentle disposition. He took the children, seated them on his knees, and began to tell them a fairy story (evidently of his own invention, and extempore), to which they listened with profound attention. Indeed, I could not help being interested in the story, so fanciful were the ideas, and so poetical the language in which they were expressed."

"The story ended, the stranger replaced the children on the carpet, and approached the table on which stood, in a porcelain vase, a bouquet of flowers. These he admired, and began a discourse on floriculture. I listened with intense earnestness; so profound were all his observations. We were standing at the table for at least eight or ten minutes; my boys hanging on to the skirt of my dress, and every now and then compelling me to beg of them to absent."

"One o'clock came, but not the Major. I received, however, a note from him, written in pencil on a slip of paper. He would be detained at Government House until half-past two."

"Again I requested the fascinating stranger to partake of luncheon, which was now on a table in the next room; and again, with the same winning smile, he declined. As he was, about, as I thought, to depart, I extended my hand; but, to my astonishment, he stepped back, made a low bow, and declined taking it."

"For a gentleman to have his hand refused when he extends it to another, is embarrassing enough. But for a lady! Who can possibly describe what were my feelings? Had he been the heir to the British throne, visiting that penal settlement in disguise (and from the stranger's manners and conversation he might have been that illustrious personage), he could scarcely have, under the circumstances, treated me in such an extraordinary manner. I scarcely knew what to think. Observing, as the stranger must have done, the blood rush to my cheeks, and being cognizant, evidently, of what was passing through my mind, he spoke as follows:

"Madam, I am afraid you will never forgive me the liberty I have taken already. But the truth is, the passion suddenly stole over me, and I could not resist the temptation of satisfying myself that the skill which made me so conspicuous in the mother country still remained to me in this convict land."

"I stared at him, but did not speak.

"'Madam,' he continued, 'the penalty of sitting at table with you, or taking the hand you paid me the compliment to prefer—myself in ignorance of the fact I am about to disclose—would have been the forfeiture of my ticket-of-leave, a hundred lashes, and employment on the roads in irons. As it was, I dreaded the Major's wrath; but I cherish a hope that you will endeavor to appease it, if your advocacy be only a return for the brief amusement I afforded your beautiful children.'

"'You are a convict?' I said, indignantly, my hand on the bell-rope.

"'Madam, he said, with an expression of countenance which moved me to pity, in spite of my indignation, 'hear me for one moment.'

"'A convicted felon, how dared you enter my drawing-room as a visitor?' I asked him, my anger again getting the better of all my other feelings.

"'The Major, madam,' said the stranger, 'requested me to be at his house at the hour when I presented myself; and he bade me wait if he were from home when I called. The Major wishes to know, who was the person who received from me a diamond necklace which belonged to the Marchioness of Dorrington, and came into my possession at a state ball some four or five years ago—a state ball at which I had the honor of being present. Now, madam, when the orderly who opened the front door informed me that the Major was not at home, but that you were, that indomitable impudence which so often carried me into the drawing-rooms of the aristocracy of our country, took possession of me; and, warmed as I was with generous wine—just sufficiently to give me courage—I determined to tread once more on a lady's carpet, and enter into conversation with her. That much I felt the Major would forgive me; and, therefore, I requested the orderly to announce a gentleman. Indeed, madam, I shall make the forgiveness of the liberties I have taken in this room the condition of my giving that information which shall restore to the Marchioness of Dorrington the gem of which I deprived her—a gem which is still unpolished, and in the possession of one who will restore it on an application, accompanied by a letter in my handwriting.'

"Again I kept silence.

"'Madam!' he exclaimed, somewhat impudently, and rather proudly, 'I am no other man than Barrington, the illustrious pickpocket; and this is the hand which is day has gently plucked from ladies of rank and wealth, jewels which realized, in all, upwards of thirty-five thousand pounds, irrespective of those which were in my possession, under lock and key, when fortune turned her back upon me.'

"Barrington, the pickpocket! Having heard so much of this man and of his exploits, (although, of course, I had never seen him,) I could not help regarding him with curiosity; so much so, that I could scarcely be angry with him any longer.

"'Madam,' he continued, 'I have told you that I longed to satisfy myself whether that skill which rendered me so illustrious in Europe still remained to me, in this country, after five years of desuetude? I can conscientiously say that I am just as perfect in the art, the touch is just as soft, and the nerve as steady as when I sat in the dress-circle at Drury Lane or Covent Garden.'

"'I do not comprehend you, Mr. Barrington,' I replied. (I could not help saying Master.)

"'But you will, madam, in one moment. Where are your keys?'

"I felt my pocket, in which I fancied they were, and discovered that they were gone.

"'And your thimble and pencil-case, and your smelling-salts? They are here!' (He drew them from his coat-pocket.)

"My anger was again aroused. It was indeed, I thought, a frightful liberty for a convict to practise his skill upon me, and put his hand into the pocket of my dress. But, before I could request him to leave the room and the house, he spoke again; and, as soon as I heard his voice and looked in his face, I was mollified, and against my will, as it were, obliged to listen to him.

"Ah, madam," he sighed, "such is the change that often comes over the affairs of men! There was a time when ladies boasted of having been robbed by Barrington. Many whom I had never robbed gave it out that I had done so; simply that they might be talked about. Alas! such is the weakness of poor human nature that some people care not by what means they associate their names with the name of any celebrity. I was in power then, not in bondage. Barrington has my diamond ear-rings!" once exclaimed the old Countess of Kettlebank, clasping her hands. Her ladyship's statement was not true. Her diamonds were past, and she knew it, and I caused them to be returned to her. Had not a pair of very small pearl-drops in your ears this morning, madam?"

"I placed my hands to my ears, and discovered that the drops were gone. Again my anger returned, and I said, 'How dared you, sir, place your fingers on my face?'

"Upon my sacred word and honor, madam," he replied, placing his hand over his left breast, and bowing, "I did nothing of the kind. The ear is the most sensitive part of the human body to the touch of another person. Had I touched your ear my hope of having these drops in my waistcoat-pocket would have been gone. It was the spring only that I touched, and the drops fell into the palm of my left-hand." He placed the ear-rings on the table, and made me another very low bow.

"And when did you deprive me of them?" I asked him.

"When I was discoursing on floriculture, had occasion several times to incline your head towards your charming children, and gently reprove them for interrupting me. It was on one of those occasions that the deed was quickly done. The dear children were the unconscious confederates in my crime—if crime

you still consider it—since I have told you and I spoke the truth; that it was not for the sake of gain, but simply to satisfy a passionate curiosity. It was as delicate, and as difficult an operation as any I ever performed in the whole course of my professional career.'

"There was a peculiar quaintness of humor and of action thrown into this speech; I could not refrain from laughing. But, to my great satisfaction, the illustrious pickpocket did not join in the laugh. He regarded me with a look of extreme humility, and maintained a respectful silence, which was shortly broken by a loud knocking at the outer door. It was the Major, who, suddenly remembering his appointment with Barrington, had contrived to make his escape from Government House, in order to keep it. The Major seemed rather surprised to find Barrington in my drawing-room; but he was in such a hurry, and so anxious, that he said nothing on the subject.

"I withdrew to the passage, whence I could overhear all that took place.

"Now, look here, Barrington," said my husband, impatiently, "I will have no more nonsense. As for a free pardon, or even a conditional pardon, at present, it is out of the question. In getting you a ticket-of-leave I have done all that I possibly can; and, as I am a living man, I give you fair warning that if you do not keep faith with me, I will undo what I have already done. A free pardon? What? Let you loose upon the society of England again? The colonial secretary would soon the idea, and severely censure the governor for recommending such a thing. You know, as well as I do, that if you returned to England tomorrow, and had an income of five thousand a year, you would never be able to keep those fingers of yours quiet."

"Well, I think you are right, Major," said the illustrious personage.

"Then will you write that letter at once?"

"I will. But on one condition."

"Another condition?"

"Yes."

"Well, what is that condition? You have so many conditions that I begin to think the necklace will not be forthcoming after all. And, if it be not, by—"

"Do not excite yourself to anger, Major. I give you my honor—"

"Your honor! Nonsense! What I want is, the jewel restored to its owner."

"And it shall be, on condition that you will not be offended, grievously offended, with me for what I have done this day!"

"What is that?"

"Summon your good wife, and let her bear witness both for and against me."

"My husband opened the drawing-room door, and called out 'Bessie!'

"As soon as I had made my appearance, Barrington stated the case—all that had transpired—with minute accuracy; nay, more, he acted the entire scene in such a way that it became a little comedy in itself; the characters being himself, myself, and the children, all of which characters he represented with such humor that my husband and myself were several times in fits of laughter. Barrington, however, did not even smile. He affected to regard the little drama (and this made it the more amusing) as a very serious business.

"This play over, my husband again put to Barrington the question: 'Will you write that letter at once?'

"Yes," he replied, "I will; for I see that I am forgiven the liberty I was tempted to take." And seating himself at the table, he wrote:

"MR. BARRINGTON presents his compliments to Mr. ——, and requests that a sealed packet, marked DN. No. 27, be immediately delivered to the bearer of this note. In the event of this request not being complied with, Mr. Barrington will have an opportunity ere long of explaining to Mr. ——, in Sydney, New South Wales, that he (Mr. ——) has been guilty of an act of egregious folly."

"But you will, madam, in one moment. Where are your keys?"

"I felt my pocket, in which I fancied they were, and discovered that they were gone.

"And your thimble and pencil-case, and your smelling-salts? They are here!" (He drew them from his coat-pocket.)

"My anger was again aroused. It was indeed, I thought, a frightful liberty for a convict to practise his skill upon me, and put his hand into the pocket of my dress. But, before I could request him to leave the room and the house, he spoke again; and, as soon as I heard his voice and looked in his face, I was mollified, and against my will, as it were, obliged to listen to him.

"My husband sent for Barrington to inform him of the result of his letter, and he took an opportunity of asking the illustrious man if there were any other valuables which he would like to restore to the original owners?

"Thank you—no!" was the reply. "There are, it is true, sundry little articles in safe custody at home; but, as it is impossible to say what may be in the future, they had better for the present stand in my own name!"

"How THEY TREAT WOMAN-WHIPPERS IN PARAGUAY.—My attention was attracted by the appearance of a man who waited on the table during dinner; his dress was more that of a country gentleman than a servant, and his countenance peculiarly sad and subdued. I found my eyes continually wandering toward this individual, whose manner disquieted me, for he moved about warily, as if his task was a weary one.

After dinner the superintendent asked me if I had observed the waiter.

"Yes. What is he—who is he?"

"The richest man in Eastern Paraguay. He has a very large, well-stocked estancia."

"And yet is here as a servant?"

"Yes. He was guilty of the ungentlemanly act of whipping a woman, and the President has degraded him to be a servant at the Iron Works. He will at last liberate himself only by paying a large sum, or its equivalent in cattle."

"And when did you deprive me of them?" I asked him.

"When I was discoursing on floriculture, had occasion several times to incline your head towards your charming children, and gently reprove them for interrupting me. It was on one of those occasions that the deed was quickly done. The dear children were the unconscious confederates in my crime—if crime

## SOLVING THE "GHOST QUESTION."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY A. MARION.

About the year 18—, business had called me to a remote part of B—— county, Tennessee, and I was staying at the house of a Mr. Rubert.

The family consisted of Mr. Rubert and wife, one son, and two daughters. The son's name was Austin; he was about twenty years of age, and seemed to be very intelligent. The girls were no less intelligent than Austin. Adela, the oldest, was about seventeen, and Julia, the youngest, about fifteen.

Prettier girls I never saw. I loved them both as soon as I had seen them.

We were sitting by a blazing fire, talking and laughing as lively as if we had been acquainted for years; when a sudden noise, as if some large building was falling, interrupted us.

"Ugh! ugh! ugh!!" said some one, as if frightened out of his senses.

All of the family rushed to the door, except Julia, who sat still, and remarked,

"It is Bill Jenkins running from the ghosts again."

Scarcely had the words escaped her lips, when in rushed a tall, gawky, awkward, almost beardless fellow, puffing and blowing like a locomotive.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Rubert.

"Matter enough!" said Bill; his eyes looked almost as large as the bottoms of two common-sized tea-cups. "Out yonder," he continued, throwing himself down upon a chair; "out yonder, I heard a baby a cryin', and them somebody a groanin' and snufflin'; and I tell ye I just got away from that."

At this I could not suppress a laugh.

"You needn't laugh, old hoss," continued he, turning to me; "you needn't laugh, for I'll swear it's no fun; it's jest so—I'll swear it."

I turned to Austin and said,

"Let us accompany him back to the place where he heard the noise, and 'solve' the ghost for him."

Austin was silent.

"Will you go?" I asked.

Austin began to stammer out something.

"Darn me!" interrupted Bill, "darn me, gentlemen, if you get me back there again; see if you do!"

"Then tell us where it was," said I, "and if we can hear it, we'll solve it sure."

"Austin don't care much about going, I believe," said Adela.

"You're not superstitious, are you?" I asked him.

"No," said he, "I'm not superstitious, but I'm afraid of catching cold, that's all."

"I propose," said Julia, who had been silent till now, "that we all go, Mr. Marion, Austin, Adela, and myself. The moon is now up, and it would be a pleasant walk for us, besides, we might have some real fun."

After some hesitation on Austin's part, this proposition was accepted. Bill told us where he had heard the ghost, but would not go with us.

Off we started. When we came to the spot, we found that Bill had knocked down about twenty paces of the fence.

We had gone two or three hundred yards, talking very lively, when we entered a low, dark place in the road; the timber was very tall and thick, which caused it to be darker than anywhere else.

When advanced a few paces into this place, our conversation stopped. Scarcely had we ceased talking, when—

"Boo-woo-woo-ugh!!" went something near us.

"What's that?" said Austin, halting.

I advanced, and Julia stepped to my side and said—

"It's Bill's ghost, sure."

"On-bo-hoo-woo-ugh!!" came forth again. I could suppress my laughter no longer. It proved to be nothing more nor less than a hog, which was not sleeping comfortably, and was thus complaining.

"What is it?" insisted Austin, who had not yet found out what it was.

Just then we came to the hog-bed, and the hogs all ran off, frightened as badly as Bill was.

"Humph!!" said Austin; "it's hogs, I'll swear, that caused Bill so much running."

## THE SHELL BANK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
BY D. A. BURR.

I had been absent from the United States about three years, and returning to New Orleans, was spending the day pleasantly enough with a few acquaintances, when I received a note from my old friend, Harry Wade, who had seen my name in the list of arrivals, and wrote inviting me to visit him at his plantation at Port Gibson. Going that evening by the steamer, and landing at Grand Gulf, I proceeded, by stage, to Port Gibson, nine miles inland; and hiring a buggy, was driven up to my friend's gate about two hours before sunset. I will not linger over our meeting. Mrs. Wade treated me as a brother, and I felt happier than I remembered ever to have done before. Wade, junior, not yet a year old, was admitted to his parents' content, and tea-time came unexpectedly quick.

After tea, Harry produced his cigar; and the weather turning chilly, we sat around the parlor fire, the first fever of meeting subsiding into a quiet happiness. Observing on the mantel-piece, what seemed a mound of common shells, protected by a large glass cover, I rose to examine it, thinking to find something to account for the position and care taken of such mean articles. There was nothing, however, but a square flattened pyramid of exactly such shells as are used in New Orleans for making roads; and I turned to Harry, with a puzzled and inquiring look.

"Can't make out what they are put there for, eh?" he said, with a twinkling in his eye.

"No," I answered, "for they have neither beauty nor value."

"They are a moment of how I made my fortune; which you haven't yet imagined about."

I thought your Cousin Ellen had prodigally given you a fortune with herself."

"Not a bit of it;" (a favorite expression of his;) "Uncle Grattan settled every cent of her fortune on herself; and I would never have gotten her, if I had not had a fortune of my own."

"A fortune of your own! and these poor shells, a momento of how you made it? Let's have the story."

"To make a good story of it, I must begin at the beginning. You remember the day at Oakland College, when I showed you a letter from Uncle Grattan, informing me briefly but kindly of my father's death, and of the unexpected fact, that when all his debts were paid, there would be barely enough left to carry me through college, and afterwards enable me to study a profession. My father was himself aware that such would be the case, and spoke of civil engineering as the most profitable of the professions, but had not left any special command upon the subject, thinking it best that I should choose for myself. You know that from that day, I paid special attention to surveying, and to everything connected with the business of a civil engineer.

"My father had been a merchant in Mobile, and my Uncle Grattan was a cotton-planter, in this neighborhood. He was not my uncle by blood, but had married my aunt; and had one child, a daughter, by a former wife. All of them were complete strangers to me, up to the time of my leaving college, when I went to live with them, until my future career was decided on."

"Ellen Grattan was then in her fourteenth year. From the first I called her Cousin Ellen, and was called by her Cousin Harry. She was so pretty, so sweet, and winning in all her ways, that I felt very much tempted to fall in love with her—but was kept from doing so by the remembrance of my dignity as a graduate of Oakland College. It would never do to fall in love with a child of thirteen. So our intercourse was entirely cousinly; and nobody seemed to know or remember that she was not my aunt's own daughter.

"She was sent in the carriage to Port Gibson every Monday morning to school, and returned on Friday evening. It was summer when I came; and before a month elapsed, I joined some rail road surveyors, and saw three months of practical work. When I returned to Uncle Grattan's house, winter was commencing; and rainy weather kept Ellen at home all the first week after. I believed it was then I fell in love with her—for I suddenly determined to study medicine; and was perfectly determined to do so for my charming cousin. Before she was fifteen I was twenty, it was become measurable. Yet it was a secret from all; I never spoke of it, and was only thought to be a very affectionate cousin. My affection, so freely shown to my two real cousins, Ellen's half-brother and half-sister helped to bind everybody to the boundless devotion to Ellen that filled my heart, but was never told even jestingly, or to her."

"It was the first week in October. I was twenty-one, she sixteen. In one year more she was to leave school, and I was to start next day for New Orleans to remain there until I got my diploma, that is through two winters, and the intervening summer. All went to bed but she and I. At last she, too, rose to go.

"Cousin Ellen," I said, "it is not right for a poor man to aspire to you. Your father would never consent. But if you would only wait, Oh, if you would only wait, until—"

"I will wait, Cousin Harry," she said, and ran off. And that was all that ever either of us said, but I trusted her. I could never have loved her so much if she had not been one to trust.

"I was off in the morning before she was up. During the winter, walks about the streets, and occasionally a visit to the theatre was recreation enough for me, resting, as I did, letters from Ellen every two weeks. They were just such letters as would have been written

had those pregnant parting words remained unnoticed, and mine were like them. As spring began to assume the appearance of summer, a drive down the shell road to Lake Pontchartrain was now and then indulged in. Once when driving along at a dashing gait, in company with a fellow student, who, like me, seemed to have picked up information on every imaginable subject, and to whom his acquaintance put questions as to a walking encyclopedias, I asked,

"Bob, where do they get all those shells from? If repatriates alone require such piles as we see along the bank of the canal, it must have taken an immense quantity to make this road, seven miles long, originally."

"I guess it did. They are worth then five cents per barrel. They are now worth twenty-five cents, and the making of the new shell road is just begun."

"But where do they come from?"

"Didn't you see Doctor Cartwright's letter in one of the papers last winter, about the mounds or shell banks as they are commonly called, found along the shores of Lake Borgne? The old doctor fails to make even a good guess at their origin. They contain no data upon which to base conjecture, and all that is known is that they are the work of human hands. He describes the two principal ones, one of which is on this, the other on the opposite shore of the lake. That on this side has been largely excavated, and furnished at least half the shells hitherto used on this road. It is now considerably reduced in size, and though small banks exist in various localities, the great one on Mulatto Bayou, in Mississippi, now attracts the attention of everybody interested in shells.

It belongs to old Judge Dally, a very rich man, who foretold that its value was sure to increase, and has kept it almost intact until now. It is thought the present price of twenty-five cents per barrel will induce him to excavate it, as, saying there are only five hundred thousand barrels in the bank, it will bring him an hundred thousand dollars. But the quantity of dirt mixed with the shells, in the interior of the mound, being uncertain, the Mulatto Bayou shell bank, is priced at only thirty thousand dollars cash, in New Orleans. That was offered for it by the man who has contracted to make the new shell road, and was refused."

"I went to Peurlington, where the surveyor lived, and returned him his compass and chain, and inquired where I could buy a horse. I had with me just one hundred and twenty-five dollars, more than half in gold. I found that evening an active old gray pony, which, with an old saddle and bridle, I bought for forty-five dollars, and early next morning set out for Augusta, where the Land Office was located, which was nearly ninety miles distant. I reached there about noon on the third day, and by paying fifty dollars in gold, became the lawful owner of the east half of the north half of the north-east quarter of section twenty-seven, Township —, Range —, east.

"In three days more I was back in Peurlington. The County Surveyor's wife was convalescent, and I requested him immediately to verify my survey, and give me a certificate of its correctness. He was much chagrined at having missed such a fortune, but did not express any doubt of the correctness of my work, having himself discovered several grave mistakes before I undertook the completion of his survey. He immediately went over the lines again, and gave me his certificate on oath, of the correctness of the position of the shell bank. You may suppose that I was not particularly anxious to see either of Judge Dally's heirs, so I went to Peurlington directly to the city, leaving an explanatory note for the friend whom I had come over to visit.

"I went to the contractor for the new shell road, and made him a proposition. He at once went over to Mulatto Bayou, accompanied by one of the most reliable surveyors in New Orleans, and when he returned a week afterwards, satisfied that my title was perfectly good, he paid me thirty thousand dollars for my forty acres.

"I packed up and returned home, told Uncle Grattan my good fortune, and asked him for Ellen, and it is a little curious, but he really thinks now that he would have given her to me, if I had been only a poor M. D., but I know better. I bought this place, and we were married before she had had a chance to sell the bloom of her heart with a single flirtation."

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"Mulatto Bayou comes into the mouth of Pearl River, just before that enters Lake Borgne. Seven or eight miles of marsh, clothed in tall, rank, coarse grass, stretched to the north, through which the river and the bayou wound like great ditch, while to the south was the lake, and behind it the Rigolets.

"The wind was southwest, and enabled us to shoot along the bayou, whose general course was east of north. Just as we reached the verge of the woods, where the marsh ended, we passed the great shell bank, covering three acres, and full twenty feet high. We had no time to examine it, as, if the wind failed before we reached our landing place, we should have had to pole the schooner along, and, though propelled by the wind she seemed to move so lightly, we should have found pushing her along with poles heavy work.

"The wind held steady, and bore us along to our landing in fine style. The bayou itself was not more than twenty yards across, but along each bank spread a marsh more than three times as wide, so that the wind swayed through all its windings, which were not many, nor great enough to shut out the view of the lake. One and a-half miles after entering the woods, we tied up at Mr. Mitchell's wood-yard. On the opposite bank, beyond the marsh, were the sheds pertaining to a brickyard, and beneath one of them a fire. The mosquitoes where the schooner lay were too thick to allow of sleep, and we voted a general adjournment to the brickyard, which, being on higher ground, was more free of the little tormentors.

"So carrying our demijohn along, we crowded into the shift, and found the County Surveyor, with two young men as assistants, camped under the shed, where we had seen the fire. Judge Dally had died about three months previous, and the surveyor was now engaged in re-surveying the estate, re-marking the lines and corners preparatory to sale. We gathered a heap of pine straw each, and lay down to take a few hours' sleep.

"We were awakened just as the east was redening, by a negro on horseback, who brought word to the surveyor that his wife was dangerously sick, and requested his presence immediately. The gentleman was a good deal put out, if such an expression is allowable when speaking of such grave circumstances,

by the news, saying that the completion of his survey was expected that very day, and he had positively promised it, and even made it a condition of his fee. I put an end to his trouble by offering to complete it for him, and as a few minutes conversation sufficed to convince him that I was perfectly competent, he gladly consented, saying that he could go over it again at a future day if necessary.

The survey was already nearly completed. Two sides of section twenty-two alone remained to be run, and I got through by mid-day. The man who had first made the survey must have been drunk, or had a very defective compass, for I was specially careful, under the circumstances, and knew that I had made no mistake. Yet my corner was a hundred yards from his, and proved the great shell bank to be not in section twenty-two, as was supposed, but in section twenty-seven. Consulting the map which the County Surveyor had left with me, I found that section twenty-seven was still public land. The lines, as first run, had included all the valuable ground, in the numbers entered at the Land Office in Judge Dally's name, the rest being only worthless salt-marsh.

"Now here was a discovery! Thirty thousand dollars cash, lying there on that little promontory, belonging to nobody. The two assistants I had were ignorant fellows, who only knew enough to measure with the chain and obey orders, so the secret was entirely my own.

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"So carrying our demijohn

**A BALLOON RAILWAY.**

Every body who has travelled through Switzerland has been "up the Rhigi." The Rhigi Cahn is a mountain of Switzerland 5,205 feet above the sea, commanding magnificent views, and a common resort for all kinds of travellers to accommodate whom an ingenious German engineer and architect, M. Frederic Albrecht, proposes to run what may be called a balloon-train from the railway terminus at the foot to the hotel door at the summit.

Last year 30,000 people visited the summit of Mount Rhigi, and more than half of these either rode up the tollsome way on horseback or ascended in sedan-chairs borne by men. Invalids and ladies often find the ascent too wearying for them. Besides the horses and bearers needed for the accommodation of travellers a large force is required to transport to the summit the provisions, etc., consumed in the hotels there. To economize much of this expense M. Albrecht proposes to construct up the sides of the mountain a line of trestle-work. This tressle-work, of wood and iron, is to support two bars of iron, within whose grooves is to slide a bolt, to which is to be suspended a light but comfortable car, capable of accommodating from six to twelve persons. Above, the bolt is coupled to a balloon, of such dimensions as to be capable of raising the car and its contents. The result is plain: the upward tendency of the balloon is modified by the restraining power of the rails, and the consequence is that, instead of shooting directly into the air, the car is dragged up along the rails, and this at a rate neither too fast nor too slow to comfort.

M. Albrecht asserts that he has experimented so far as to convince him that such a conveyance is perfectly feasible, and entirely safe in any weather except during a heavy storm. He explains that the guidance of the railway so far balances the balloon, as to make the ascent easy even in a moderate gale. He expects to get his balloons down again by so loading the return cars as to weigh down the ascending power; and by a neat arrangement of brakes along the rails he makes accidents impossible.

It is stated that surveys of the mountain-side have already been made, and the balloon railway bid fair to become presently an establishment. Should it prove successful there, no doubt some shrewd Yankees will facilitate the ascent of Mount Washington, or some other of our celebrated heights, by such means.

During the last seventy-five years a number of ingenious mechanicians, European and American, have turned their attention to the solution of the problem of aerial navigation. Mr. Wise, of Pennsylvania, proposes to cross the Atlantic next year in a mammoth balloon. It is not unlikely that the balloon railway we have described may be an important step toward the final perfection of an air-ship.

**A WOMAN ON THE SICKLES CASE.**—The North Times contains a letter from a lady commenting upon an editorial in that paper in relation to the killing of Key, in which it was said that "Sickles could not have lived had he not taken vengeance on the wily scoundrel who had robbed him of his position and disgraced his name." His correspondent had

"supposed that a man's virtue was inherent, a part of his nature, and not simply a reflection of the virtue of his wife." But she infers from the editorial alluded to, that "when Mr. Sickles went to Congress, his position, his honor, depended upon the chaste behaviour of Mrs. Sickles, his wife, and she an Italian at that!"

The beautiful woman, captivated by the graces of a handsome man than her husband, sins, is discovered, and exposed—and Mr. S., the only innocent person in the affair, shoots Mrs. Key, not for betraying his wife, but for dishonoring "him." This she pronounces "egregious selfishness," and continues as follows:

"It is strange how differently our sexes are constituted. Women survive these disagreeable developments every day. If Mr. Sickles had hired this assignation house, and met Mrs. Swizzles, do you think Mrs. Sickles would have gone out to shoot the faithless crinoline who had stolen her husband? No, sir! Women do no such foolish things; and why? Because if we are virtuous we have confidence in our virtue, and we feel that no dereliction of the husband can or ought to affect the virtue of the wife. But suppose, on some fine Sabbath morning, all the women in Washington who suspect their traitor lords, should sally out, 'swords and pistols by their sides,' to chastise the dear creatures who had stolen their affections, would not this mark an interesting epoch in history?"

The following shows what a woman thinks of a man's courage:

"And yet, this man, who could not meet the hollow shells of humanity that formed his society at Washington until he had vindicated his honor, must now meet the multitudes at trial—hear the coarse jeerings of unprincipled libertines—confront this wife who he magnanimously promised 'not to injure'—hear again and again, with exaggeration and minutiæ, the whole history of his misery revivified—the wondering looks of his little ones turning from father to mother for an explanation of this mystery, and in after years be tortured by her recurrences to the first chapter of her life's reality! If we can do all this and dare to meet his Maker at last with the brand of a murderer on his soul, and yet could not meet the taloned face, mustached puppies of his clubroom, tell me, in God's name, in what consists the superior courage of manhood!"

**ADVICE TO PARENTS.**

"A few words to parents who have children that are troubled with gripes or bowel complaints. If the child is under one year old, give from ten to fifteen drops of PERRY DAVIS'S VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER, in milk or water sweetened with sugar and honey, until it is relieved; then add it, and stir the stomach and bowels with this medicine mixed with warm milk, one teaspoonful to half a gill of milk and water warmed. If the child is over one and less than two years old, bathe with equal parts medicine and milk and water; but if the child is over two, bathe with the medicine clear, and give it every time he bathes above. You can increase the number of drops according to age. If the child has taken cold and you wish to give it a sweat put the Pain Killer in catnip, pennyroyal, or peppermint tea, let the tea sit in the medicine and wrap it up warm. If the throat is sore, bathe after it has taken it. The stain on the linen from the use of the Pain Killer is easily removed by washing it in alcohol."

Among the merchants who have applied for admission, I know of no one more melancholy in character than the following:

"Who can doubt the importance of such an Asylum, when, even before its first story is completed, applications have been made for admittance, many of which are from patients themselves? Among the applicants are twenty-eight clergymen, thirty-six physicians, forty-two lawyers, three naval officers, one hundred and seventy-nine merchants, fifty-five farmers, one hundred and fifteen mechanics, and four hundred and ten women, who are from the high walks of life. Of the votation of the remaining applicants we have no knowledge."

**THE DYSPEPTIC.**

The trials and sufferings of the Dyspeptic can only be realized by those so unfortunate as to be afflicted by this disease, and yet how many of these suffer and continue to suffer! Why do they do so patiently? It is impossible to tell. It may be from ignorance of any certain remedy, or it may be from prejudice against the use of medical medicine. HOOFBLAD'S CHAMOMILE BITTERS has cured thousands of the worst cases of Dyspepsia, and each adds new names to the record of its usefulness. Give the Bitters a trial. For sale by all druggists and dealers in medicines, at 75 cents per bottle.

THAT DISTRESSING MALADY, the Dyspepsia, is not a periodical, but a permanent complaint—producing suffering at all times and under all circumstances. The only real cure for this disease and its concomitant evils is the world renowned Oxygenated Bitters.

**NEW YORK MARKETS.**

April 30.—BREADSTUFFS.—Flour has again advanced \$@10c; sales of 10,500 bbls at \$3.25@\$5.70 for State; \$8.55@\$6.65 for Ohio, and \$8.20@\$6.65 for Southern. Wheat is buoyant; sales of 40,000 bushels at an advance of 1@2c; red sells at \$8.25 for mixed, \$8.50 for white, and \$8.75 for yellow. Pork gains at \$16.25 for Mew, and \$12.75 for Prime. Lard dull at 11@11c. White hay steady.

**THE STOCK MARKET.**

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS,

No. 30 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

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## Wit and Humor.

## THE SCHOOLMASTER'S PROMISE.

A correspondent of the Germantown Telegraph tells the following anecdote of his old schoolmaster, "old Haskins":—

"Boys," said he, smilingly, one day.

"What's up, thought we, and were all astounded. It was like a sun-up through a heavy storm-cloud, when "old Haskins" smiled, and the phenomenon was unaccountable.

"Boys," said he, "I am about to bargain with you for good behaviour." (A change of tactics, verily.) "I desire that you will conduct yourselves with decorum for one week, and I will promise to show you a curiosity—what no man ever saw; and, having shown it you, what no man will ever see again."

"Yes, sir!"—"Agreed!"—"Yea, sir!" and various other expressions of acquiescence came from every quarter of the room; and, as a proof to the new state of things, the school was dismissed at an early hour, leaving the boys to gaze into each other's eyes in astonishment, as if to divine in each other's intuition the answer to the riddle which had stolen upon them as a pleasant dream.

An anxious week followed—a week of curiosity, bewilderment, hope and pleasure in embryo. Out of school it was all the talk—"what no man ever saw, and what no man shall ever see again"—not even the terrible author of the compromise. What could it be?

Another and another day, until at last the identical named one dawned upon the gladness of young hearts.

Nine o'clock came—every urchin was at his post—books and slates, all in readiness for the day's battle with the demon of darkness and ignorance—every task fully committed to memory. Altogether, a charming state of affairs! An active mind, not wedded too closely to orthodox ideas, would have divined at once the great advantage of rewards and kindness, over oppression and cruelty. But our old tutor was invincible. Unmake him? Never. You could not alter his plans an iota.

"Tingle! tingle!" sounded the little bell—that bell had a voice as well as a tongue. Boys all attention! eyes, ears, mouths agape! mutations epoch!

Old Haskins raised the lid of his desk, and drew the wonderful thing forth—adjusted his ominous looking spectacles astride his nasal projection, and proceeded to the solemn ceremony.

"Attention, school!" roared the tutor.

A single order was all that was necessary—you might have heard a pin drop.

"The hour has at length arrived; behold in my uplifted fingers a single almond!"—(terrible suspense!) "In this almond is a kernel"—(ceremoniously breaks the shell and exposes the tiny thing.) "This, no man ever saw!" Then opening his capacious jaws, exposing an internal array of decaying ivory and raw flesh, that reminded us of the mouth of a Bengal tiger—he thrust in the mysterious kernel—crushed and swallowed it!

"Boys," exclaimed he, with great emphasis, "boys, you will never—I will never—no man will ever see that kernel again! To your lessons, you rascals, every dog of you!"

## A SHOWMAN SOLD.

Showmen, as a general rule, are tolerably sharp, and it is no easy matter to overreach them, but when they are foiled, it is a matter of great amusement to those present. I was a witness to one of the best sales of the kind that I ever heard of. Last summer there was an exhibition in a tent, on one of our public lots—a sort of menagerie on a small scale. Before the entrance to the tent, the proprietor was boasting of the innumerable wonders to be seen for a shilling, to a considerable crowd. While in the midst of a speech, overflowing with large words, he was somewhat summarily interrupted by the following exclamation from a man near him, who had a boy with him:

"I'll bet you a 'five' that you cannot let me see that lion."

"Done," said the showman, eagerly, "put up your money."

The man placed a five dollar bill in the hand of a bystander, and the showman, counting out the change did the same.

"Now walk this way," said the showman, "and I'll convince you."

The man and his little boy followed him into the tent, the whole crowd following.

"There!" said the showman, triumphantly. "Look in that corner at that beautiful Numidian lion."

"Where?" asked the man, looking in every direction but the right one.

"Why, there!" was the astonished reply.

"I don't see any," responded the other.

"What's the matter with you?" asked the showman, who began to smile a very large smile.

"I'm blind," was the grinning reply.

The showman was very industriously employed in turning out the crowd for the next few minutes, while the blind man pocketed the stakes and went his way.—N. Y. *Argus*.

**He Did Not Run.**—David L. Holt went with Col. Fannin's Georgia Battalion to Texas in 1835, and was one of the prisoners who occupied the massacre of the Alamo in the spring of 1836, during the Texas Revolution. In telling some of his old friends in Georgia, afterwards, about his escape, one of them asked him if he ran (so the story goes). Holt was a brave man, and did not like to acknowledge that he ran, even though he was retreating from an impending death, without the shadow of a chance to defend himself; and he replied:—

"Well, boys, I did not exactly run; but I did some honest self-walking!"

"Fall walking" was the substitute for the word "run," about Macon and Millidgeville, for many years afterwards.—*Montgomery Mail*.

**How to Live.**—He who cannot live well to-day, will be less qualified to live well tomorrow.—*Martial*.

## THE PEDDLER'S BARGAIN.

One day a tin peddler, with an assortment of knock-knocks, arrived at a village, and called at one of the houses to sell his wares. After dispensing of a few articles to the lady of the house, who seemed to live in the midst of children, she declared her inability to buy more for the want of money.

"But, ma'am, ain't you got any rage?"

"None to sell, sir."

"Well," said he, "you seem to have plenty of children. Will you sell me one for tin ware?"

"What will you give, sir?"

"Ten dollars for one of them."

"In good tin ware."

"Oh, yes, marm, the best."

"Well, sir, it is a bargain."

She then handed one of the urchins to the peddler, who, surprised that the offer was accepted, yet confident that the mother would not part with her boy, placed him in the cart, and supplied the woman with tin until the sum of ten dollars was made up.

The man, feeling certain that the woman would rather raise the money than part with the child, seated himself beside the boy, who was pleased with the idea of having a ride. The peddler kept his eyes on the house, expecting to see the woman hasten to redeem the little one, and rode off at a slow pace. After proceeding some distance, he began to repent of his bargain, and turned back.

The woman had just finished ornamenting her dresser with tin, when the peddler returned.

"Well, I think the boy is too small. I guess you had better take him back again, and let me have the ware."

"No, sir, the bargain was fair, and you shall stick to it. You may start off as soon as possible."

Surprised at this, the peddler exclaimed,

"Why, marm, how can you think of parting with your boy so young, to an utter stranger?"

"Oh, sir, we would like to sell all our town paupers for ten dollars a head."

The boy was dropped at the door, the tin rattled, the peddler measured the ground rapidly, and he never forgot his pauper speculation.

"Tingle! tingle!" sounded the little bell—that bell had a voice as well as a tongue. Boys all attention! eyes, ears, mouths agape! mutations epoch!

The boy was raised the lid of his desk, and drew the wonderful thing forth—adjusted his ominous looking spectacles astride his nasal projection, and proceeded to the solemn ceremony.

"Attention, school!" roared the tutor.

A single order was all that was necessary—you might have heard a pin drop.

"The hour has at length arrived; behold in my uplifted fingers a single almond!"—(terrible suspense!) "In this almond is a kernel"—(ceremoniously breaks the shell and exposes the tiny thing.) "This, no man ever saw!" Then opening his capacious jaws, exposing an internal array of decaying ivory and raw flesh, that reminded us of the mouth of a Bengal tiger—he thrust in the mysterious kernel—crushed and swallowed it!

"Boys," exclaimed he, with great emphasis, "boys, you will never—I will never—no man will ever see that kernel again! To your lessons, you rascals, every dog of you!"

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